

## THE LAST DREAM.

"Nay, give me back my spinning wheel," she prayed: "Ah, look, my hands are strong. Give back the spindle and the reel— my needs to the dead past belong— The old-time fancies round me throng And make me young and blithe once more With my spinning wheel beside the door."

"For one, upon a time like this Came up the old, sweet orchard way, And took our first betrothal kiss; An hour like this, all warm and gray, With shadows flung like dreams at play, And long he would not go, but stayed For love of me, his spinning maid."

"He came up through the pinxter blows— He loved the soft, unfolding flowers, And even now, when Hesperus glows Through the faint shadowed, fragrant hours,

When things are sweet with drifting showers, I hear his step, again I feel The lost thrill of my spinning wheel."

"He said he loved this leafy place, And loved the old wheel's drowsy tune; He had the poet's tender grace— 'Twas like a something old—a rune, Some hymn-like thing, like Bonnie Doon, While up and down, with joyous tread I walked and drew my long white thread."

"And when I hear the one great call That bids me hence, this is my prayer— To go when night's first shadows fall— They'll hide my old gray face, and hair, They'll take me in this homely chair To where my lost love lies, and make My grave by his—for old love's sake."

Her heart beat with the happy press Of old remembered dreams and sighs, Her lips were sweet with tenderness Of love that never fades or dies. The love light of the sunset skies Crept up and kissed her faded eyes, And as the white head trembled down, Wove round it the saint's shining crown. —Mills W. Carpenter, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

## A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

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## CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

Griswold's pale face flushed, and his finger-tips tingled again. "You are very kind; kind and charitable. I think sympathy has been an unknown quantity in my equation. May I really come to see you as a friend?"

"Haven't I said it?" she asked; and she might have emphasized it had not Raymer come to take Griswold home.

Raymer's sorrel had covered half the distance from the lake edge to Mrs. Holcomb's before its owner said:

"Well, how near do we come to aping the manners of the effete east?"

"I'm no authority," said Griswold, adding as a salve: "I enjoyed it."

"Then you weren't bored?"

"I fancy Miss Grierson doesn't often bore people, does she?"

"No; she has a knack of stroking you the right way. It takes her father to do the other thing."

"The magnate? I thought you said he was a public benefactor."

"Did I? We've told ourselves that till we've come to believe it. But he's principally for Jasper Grierson at bottom."

"Naturally. Greed is the Juggernaut of this end of the century."

"Bah! That's a sheer platitudin in your mouth, Griswold. You don't know anything about it, you men of letters and leisure. It's simply a savage fight for survival, and the man with the money wins."

"Yes? I believe I've said some such thing myself. But I've been hoping you'd manage to escape."

"I might have escaped. I was doing well enough, but I couldn't stand it to see the town growing away from me. So I borrowed money and spread myself; and now I'm fighting for dear life with the rest of them."

Griswold's comment was brief and to the point. "Tell me about it," he said.

"It's a short horse and soon curried," said the iron master, bitterly. "Two months ago I borrowed \$50,000 of Jasper Grierson's bank. I gave him a 60-day note and a mortgage, with the verbal understanding that I was to have my own time for payment. The 60 days will be up Tuesday, and he has notified me that I must lift a third of the indebtedness on that day."

"A third?"

"Yes. Of course it's preposterous. He knew all the circumstances at the time; that the loan was a building fund which couldn't bear fruit until it was planted."

Griswold shook his head. "You certainly took terrific chances."

"Didn't I? It proves what a man will do when he is greed-bitten. And the worst of it is that three-fourths of the original capital belong to my mother and sister, and they were both distrustful of the spread-eagle move with Grierson as a backer."

Griswold was silent while the sorrel was measuring a full square. Then he said: "What is Grierson's object?"

"I don't know. To break me or to own me, I suppose."

"There may be an alternative; what was it you told me this morning about the little social melee?"

Raymer pulled the sorrel up short. "Heavens! you don't suppose she has put him up to it for that?"

"I suppose nothing that involves Miss Grierson. But isn't it possible that her father may be resentful for her? I believe if you could persuade your mother and Miss Gertrude to call—"

Raymer's laugh was not mirthful. "You would be the last man in the world to act upon a suggestion of that sort yourself, Griswold."

"Oh, I don't know. If it is only a little social friction—"

"It's more than that; though why it should be I don't know. I believe my mother and Gerty would face beggary cheerfully before they would pay that price. Anyway, I shant ask them."

"What will you do?"

"If I knew I shouldn't be unloading my grief on you."

They had reached Mrs. Holcomb's gate and Raymer cramped the buggy at the curb. But Griswold did not get out. Instead he put one hand on Raymer's knee and said: "Have you ever thought of taking a partner?"

Raymer's smile was a mere grimace.

"It begins to look as if I should have to take one that I don't want."

"It needn't come to that. I have some money which I want to invest where it will do the most good to the greatest number. You spoke this morning of some plans you had in view for the betterment of your workmen. If you will carry them out, and let me help, we can arrange a little surprise for Mr. Grierson."

Raymer was stupefied, as he had a good right to be. But he managed to ask how.

"In the simplest way imaginable. Come to me to-morrow morning and I will give you the money to take up your note and the mortgage."

"You? But, Griswold, man, you didn't understand me. It's ninety-five-thousand dollars!" He said it slowly, so that the misunderstanding might be removed.

Griswold climbed out of the buggy carefully, as befitted his weakness. But when he turned to say good night his grasp was the grasp of an athlete.

"I understand you perfectly, my dear fellow. You shall have it all, and a little more, if you need it. And when you've broken the Grierson grip we'll talk about the partnership. Good night."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

After all, it was Raymer who was responsible for Griswold's introduction to Charlotte and her aunt. It was after the partnership—a silent partnership by Griswold's express condition—had been formed, and Griswold had been taken into the Raymer household as well as into the Raymer firm.

It was thus that he found himself included in a family invitation to the doctor's, and it was thus that Raymer became his sponsor. Not that a sponsor was greatly needed. The good doctor had come to know and to love his sometime patient, and the invitation to Griswold in his proper person had not been lacking.

It was inevitable that he should meet Miss Farnham with some degree of restraint, and that the entire evening should scarcely suffice for its effacement. As a matter of fact it was not properly effaced until the time came for an adjournment to the broad veranda, and the

darkness of the starlit night helped him. He fancied, and assured himself a hundred times that it was only fancy, that he could now and then surprise a vague question in the cool gray eyes; and with the eyes in abeyance he felt more at ease.

"You are new to our northern summers, aren't you, Mr. Griswold?" she asked, when they were comfortably established out of doors and the general talk had subsided sufficiently to admit of dialogue.

"Altogether new; and they are very delightful, if this is an earnest. What a charming prospect you have here with the lake for a vista. But for that matter, Wahaska is an ideal place."

Her laugh had not in it the tinkle of silver bells, like Miss Grierson's, but it was as honest as the gray eyes.

"Ideal?—after New York?"

"After a great city. I firmly believe the time will come when none but the sordid ones will live in the great centers."

"That would be ideal, surely. But I can't argue with you. I don't know any of the cities, to really know them. Passing through isn't even a speaking acquaintance."

"No; and yet they impress one even at sight."

"Yes. And after all, their units are the units of humanity, and humanity is the same. For instance, I imagine one could go over there and get a very good idea of the human side of New Orleans." She pointed to the summer resort hotel on the point beyond the Grierson mansion which had been opened within the week.

"I presume so," he assented; and then he asked if they ever met any of the summer people.

"Not intentionally," she laughed. "They bring their own social atmosphere with them and ask little of us. We did meet one young man last summer; a Mr. Lucius Bainbridge."

"Bainbridge?" echoed Griswold.

"Why, I know—that is—er—I used to

know some Bainbridges in New York."

"Did you? Mr. Lucius Bainbridge was from New York originally, I believe. He is a newspaper man in New Orleans."

Griswold was struck dumb with this fresh proof of the extreme narrowness of the world, and wondered what would happen if Bainbridge should perchance come again and find him in Wahaska. He changed the subject with a violent wrench, and said:

"The new opera house is to be opened next week. I wonder if the company will be worth going to see?"

"You surprise me," she said. "Haven't you heard that Mr. Grierson is to import it especially for this occasion?"

"I hadn't heard. Is your aunt able to go out in the evening?"

"Not to anything as prolonged as an opera sitting."

"Oh; I'm sorry." He turned to Mrs. Raymer. "Mrs. Raymer, could you be induced to chaperon a theater party next Monday evening?"

"You're too late," was the reply. "We are all going, and you are included."

Griswold turned quickly to Charlotte.

"May I call for you and your father?" She gave him permission, and after that the tete-a-tete passed to other things; to a gay party steaming past in a lighted launch, for one.

"Is that the hotel launch?" he asked.

"No, indeed; you are quite behind the times. That is Mr. Grierson's boat with a party from Mereside."

The Farnham lawn sloped quickly to the waterside, and the launch was steaming slowly along within a stone's throw of the group on the veranda. The little steamer carried its own dynamo, and was ablaze with electric lights. Griswold saw the party as it passed in review; saw Miss Grierson at the wheel in the bow, and saw the banker lounging in the stern sheets. With the exception of her father and one other Miss Grierson's guests were all young people; but Griswold caught his breath when he recognized the portly figure sitting erect beside the banker. Truly, he had seen the clean-shaven face with its long upper lip but once, but that once was enough. It was Mr. Andrew Galbraith.

## CHAPTER XIX.

The robbery of the Bayou bank was already an old story when Detective Griffin returned to New Orleans from his voyage to Guatemala. He was a successful man in his calling, and he took up the case of the bank robbery at once; not only for the reward, but because he was willing to try if he could not send the shaft home after his St. Louis colleagues had sped their arrow and missed the mark.

He did not begin where the St. Louis officers had left off. He saw at once that the real identity of the robber had not been established by the anonymous letter describing one John Gavitt. He suspected that the name was a mere mask, and the proof of this was shortly clinched by evidence easily procured that the real John Gavitt had died in the little Iowa river town which was his home, a short fortnight after the date of the robbery.

Hence it followed that Gavitt had been impersonated in the Belle Julie's crew by the escaping culprit, and with President Galbraith's description of the man for a starting point, Griffin first searched the "Rogues' Gallery" for a face which might stand for the original. This search, though it was made as carefully as if he fully expected to find the man's portrait in the criminal records, was as barren of results as he expected it would be.

"It is just about as I put it up," he said, at the end of the photograph inspection. "The fellow isn't a professional at all; he is some hare-brained crank, and this is his first break."

This point established, there were two courses open; to try to trace the man in New Orleans, and so to determine his identity; or to take up the lost clew in St. Louis. Since it asked for less time, Griffin did the latter first, and succeeded in besting the St. Louis officers by one move. For the fugitive had disappeared, handcuffed, in the runaway carriage; for Griffin he reappeared a little later at Mr. Abram Sonneschein's emporium, but was lost again when he left with his purchases.

Griffin went back to New Orleans, baffled but not discouraged. As before, the case turned upon the pivot of identity. When he should have learned the man's name and place in the world it would be an easy matter to track him down.

Accordingly he went to the bank and asked again for the anonymous letter.

"You have tried every means to place the writer of this, Mr. Galbraith?" he queried.

"Everything we could think of. It might be any one of the hundred transient customers we served that day."

"It is a woman," hazarded Griffin, at a venture.

"Doubtless."

"Was there a woman in the bank when you went with the fellow to cash the check?"

"There was. She was at the teller's window."

"Did you notice her particularly?"

"Not well enough to be able to describe her. I had other things to think of just then."

"Sure enough. What was she doing?"

"Getting a draft cashed, I presumed."

"Where would that draft be now?"

"In the possession of the issuing bank, and probably cancelled long since. It couldn't be traced or identified. We've been over all that."

"Of course; but I was hoping we might stumble upon something that had been overlooked. May I use the 'phone?"

"Certainly."

Griffin shut himself into the 'phone-box and called up the wharf-master's office on the levee.

"Hello! Is this Robertson? Say, Dick, where is the Belle Julie now? Up-river, you say? All right; I am coming down to get you to wire Capt. Mayfield for me."

The "wire" sent a little later from the wharf-master's office asked for a list of the Belle Julie's lady passengers on that voyage which began on the day of the robbery. Griffin was not above swearing a little when the answer came. It was a string of twenty-odd names, and to have speech with these twenty-odd women meant weeks of continuous travel for the detective.

That being the next move in the game, however, he set about making it methodically, beginning with those most accessible, and working through the list from name to name; and at the end of weeks he had interviewed every woman on the list save two. These two lived in a small inland city in Minnesota, and when he turned his face northward to try the final cast of the die he was weary enough to be disheartened, if disheartenment had been admissible.

It was evening when he reached Wahaska, and since it was too late to do anything he promised himself that he would smoke but a single cigar and go to bed. But when the cigar was alight he left the hotel to smoke it in the open. There was an unusual stir in the streets, and a question asked of a chance passer-by evoked the reason. The new Grierson opera house was to be opened that night by a company imported from Chicago for the occasion, and everybody was going to the theater.

## THAT SETTLED HIM.

A Statesman's Happy Method of Disposing of Troublesome Place Hunters.

A celebrated statesman had a happy way of ridding himself of applicants for diplomatic and other posts. The son of an old friend called upon him one day to bespeak his influence in getting him an important embassy, relates London Tit-Bits.

"Mr. F—," said the minister, mentioning his visitor to a chair, "I am glad you called."

"Thank you, my lord."

"You are one of the few people to whom I feel under obligation."

"It's very good of you to say so. I called to see—"

"It is an obligation which I feel deeply, and which I always hope to feel."

"Perhaps you exaggerate," the hopeful visitor said, in an effort to be modest.

"No; I don't. You are one of the few people of my acquaintance who never asked me for an appointment."

And the applicant was so embarrassed that in a few moments he took his hat and left.

## Humor of Major Venable.

Maj. Richard M. Venable, of Baltimore, is one of the leading lawyers of the south, and one of the most distinguished lecturers on law in Maryland. He is a Virginian who went to Baltimore after the war, and who has become identified with the city. In the recent reform movement, which won, and which saved the people a great deal of money, he was elected to one of the most responsible positions in the municipal legislature, the presidency of the council branch which had to do with the budget. There is probably no keener wit in the whole country. He has the dry, solemn manner which accentuates his points, and some of his puns have become famous. For instance, after a trip to England and Egypt he was speaking of the things that impressed him in both countries—in one, of fields and flowers; in the other, the rows of preserved bodies. "Indeed," he said, very soberly, "the mummies of Egypt seemed to be almost as numerous as the poppies of England."—Harper's Weekly.

## A Medieval Survival.

The inhabitants of a far-away village in Surrey have been enjoying a quaint medieval survival in the sale by auction of a local meadow. Long ago, when the world was not so busy as it is to-day, the landlord of the "White Brown Meadow" at Bourne bequeathed the meadow subject to an auction sale which every now and again adds to the gaiety of this rural population. At each bid a boy sets out to run to a given point, and the "White Brown Meadow" is let to the bidder whose offer is unchanged when the last boy returns. Equally curious is the candle-light auction at Wharton in Warwickshire, where the right of grazing upon the roadside and the common lands is sold each year to the men who bids highest before the last flicker of a candle dies away. As the tallow candle burns away the bidding begins, and the road-surveyor, who acts as auctioneer, encourages the bidders with such phrases as "Get on, gentlemen, please; the light's burning."—St. James' Gazette.

## Neighborly Love.

No man on earth can love his neighbor as himself if he has a garden and the aforesaid neighbor keeps chickens.—Chicago Daily News

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